

## DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW #102!

~!~

HIYA! Your wrestler of the week is the truly great Aja Kong- the daughter of a Japanese woman and An African-American Air Force Serviceman (a man that Aja has never met). With this already against her in the Xenophobic, very patriarchal and close-knit society of Japan, just the fact that she has risen to the top of her profession is a true triumph of the spirit. The fact that she became a wrestler of such proficiency that her in-ring psychology and depth of character is unequalled in her role as a monster heel and the fact that she started the fascinating and ground-breaking ARSION promotion right off the heels of the devastating loss of her mother makes her a true inspiration to fellow human beings everywhere.

In other things here in Death Valley Land, we are kinda toying with the Tomato Can Of The Week Idea that Ripper unknowingly coined last week, so we may each take turns tackling a preposterously high hanging fastball of a tape every week. Schneider will test the Tomato-Can-As-Viable-Shtuff-To-Do waters this week. WHIP ASS~! HEEEEEEEEEEEEERE'S that filthy animal REV RAY-RAY.....

~@~

!@!@!@!@!@!@ JWP/Battlarts King & Queen Tournament (REV RAY DUFFY!): Battlarts and JWP promoted a 6 person tag league this year, it was a big ol' batch of goofy fun. The rules were that it was elimination tags and over the top rope counted as an elimination.

Takeshi Ono/Ran Yu Yu/Mach Junji v. Daisuke Ikeda/Devil Asami/Kayoko

Haruyama : Devil starts out with Pink Boy Junji. Apparently, someone slipped grandma some Spanish fly because she's all frisky. As Ikeda and Devil give Junji a double vertical suplex, Devil starts pulling on Junji's tights so his unit pops out. Thankfully, this is digitized by the good folks at Battlestation. After taking some abuse from all 3 of his opponents, Junji tags out to Yu Yu who gets in a few shots before Ono, sporting what could best be described as the Go Go Dodo from Tiny Toons hair design puts the boots to Haruyama. Kayoko takes a beating, but gets in a brief flurry of offense before taking a spiked piledriver by Ono/Yu Yu and Ono puts her away with an octopus hold. Devil gets taken down by Mach and the bando del rudos get in some triple teams and do a few poses, the circle flex following 3 elbow drops and the "I'm flying" dance following another move. Mach gets crotched on the top rope and Devil kicks the buckle to add more damage. Devil puts Junji away with a spiked powerbomb. Ono works over Devil a bit with knees. He tries for a suplex, but can't hit it. They do some reversals which ends with Ono kicking Devil low from behind. Devil starts selling it and Ono gets this goofy look on his face. All of a sudden, Devil turns around and realizes, she doesn't have the equipment to be selling that so she splits the uprights on Ono. Yu Yu gets the tag and runs into a Ikeda boot. Ikeda takes mercy on her, well, sort of by putting her in the Neblina, complete with pose. Yu Yu escapes a Ikeda German suplex with a low blow and tags in Ono. Ono and Ikeda are both eliminated when Ikeda goes for a Samoan drop on Ono and Yu Yu drop kicks them both over the top, leaving it down to Devil and Yu Yu. Devil eliminates Yu Yu pretty quickly with what looks like a belly to back suplex lift into a Fire Thunder piledriver.

Alexander Otsuka/Hikari Fukuoka/Azumi Hyuga v. Yuki Ishikawa/Kana Mizaki/Tsubasa Kuragaki : Early on Hikari works over Tsubasa with a chin lock, all 4 of the women run in to break up the hold or save their partner. This continues until Yuki, looking like a drunken frat boy looking for love in all the wrong places comes in and all the girls scatter out of the ring. Otsuka and Ishikawa work back and forth on the mat exchanging holds until Yuki dumps him with a suplex. Tsubasa enters with a top rope drop kick. Alexander looks like he's going to german suplex her, but Kana runs in and kicks him low and the two women start double teaming him. They tease a spot where Alexander almost goes out following a missed body press. Alexander saves himself, holds Yuki in his corner so the women can slap him and tags out. Hikari works against Tsubasa and eliminates her with a moonsault. The story continues to be Yuki's willingness to make the save for his partner particularly when the person assaulting them is a woman. Ishikawa requests that Alexander tag out to Hikari. They do and Ishikawa takes Hikari down and has a big grin on his face. Hikari's partner's make the save for her and Azumi tags in. Azumi tries for a giant swing and it's even worse than the one Jericho used. Yuki comes up with something to counter it (again, another big grin) but Alexander puts the boot to him and saves his partner and tags back in. Yuki controls Alexander with a sleeper hold. Alexander fights back and hits a rana, takes to Hikari. Hikari hits a rana that gets a two, but after the kick out, the look on Ishikawa's face lets us all know that this is without a doubt, his favorite match of all time. So much so that I think he tags out to Mizaki just so he can try to wipe the smile off his face. Azumi works over Kana's back for the next few minutes. Kana gets beat up for a few, including an assisted lift by Hikari on Azumi over her head so she could land a double stomp on Kana. Otsuka hits a splash on Mizaki. Ishikawa runs in for the save and the gals double drop toe hold him so he lands on Mizaki. It should be noted that Ishikawa didn't look too upset about this misqueue. He does take the opportunity to trap Azumi and pick her up for a body slam. Well, he picked her up and acted like he was going to slam her, but I don't think he wanted to move where his hand was so instead he puts her down easy and then slaps a keylock wristlock on her. Yuki works the arm repeatedly and then the leg with Azumi's parnters making the save. Azumi goes low with a headbutt and tags to Alexander who hits the german suplex and a giant swing. The women double drop kick Yuki over the top but he hangs on for dear life. After not being able to knock him off himself, Alexander pleads with the women to do something. They tease a double headbutt, but instead deliever a double smooch. Yuki gets weak in the knees and then is eliminated. Kana gets triple teamed, her partner saves her from a boston crab/double wakigatame combo. Mizaki fights back, but it's a little too late as she takes an enzu-knee from the top by Azumi for the final elimination.

Dynamite Kansai/Mohammed Yone/Maya Hashimoto v. Daisuke Ikeda/Devil Masami/Kayoko Haruyama : Each team has a nickname/gimmick for the tournament. For some reason, Dynamite's team is doing something with what looks like spatulas. Yone and Kansai act goofy and occasionally bop Maya with one. Yone calls out Devil at the start of the match and then backs down when he realizes that she's not afraid of him. Maya tags in and his killed with one clothesline. They do a spot with Yone and Haruyama where she lures him into a kiss and gets in a few stomps and a splash before running into an abdominal stretch and getting stretch bombed. Devil tags in and starts beating Yone. Yone hits Devil with an inverted atomic drop, repeat kick spot from match one. There's a weird spot where Yone and

Dynamite team up on Devil. After Yone runs into her boot, Devil says something to Kansai who lets Devil go. Devil runs to her corner and starts choking Ikeda for some reason. Dynamite sneaks in behind her and sets her up for Splash Mountain. But as she's got her up, Ikeda runs in and well... cops a feel. Devil gets dropped on the apron and Ikeda picks up Dynamite and tosses her out leading to a double elimination. Ikeda and Yone mix it up and it ends pretty quick when Yone clotheslines Ikeda over the top. Post match, Devil yells at Ikeda but then says "come here and give grandma a hug" as everyone gets a chuckle at the post match antics. This was a real quick match, 7 minutes long.

Carlos Amano/Commando Bolshoi/Katsumi Usuda v. Alexander Otsuka/Hikari Fukaoka/Azumi Hyugi : This is clipped. They do a spot where everyone puts everyone in an ankle lock so there end up in a circle. The women double team on Usuda. Azumi hits some german suplexes on Usuda, but he catches her in a wrist lock for the tap out. Bolshoi does her rope walk on Hikari and then

does it backwards when she realizes she's heading into Otsuka in the corner. Hikari gets in a rope walk. Otsuka teases doing it but instead just does the Jinsei walk on the mat and stomps her. They do a reversal spot which ends in Alexander giving Bolshoi a pretty evil german suplex which takes her out of the match. Alexander and Usuda mix it up. Usuda and Amano hit a doomsday device on Alexander and Carlos tries to get the submission on Alexander, but Hikari makes the save. Amano tries to unsuccessfully head butt Otsuka who drops her with one of his own. Carlos blocks a bodyslam with a kneebar and tags out. Usuda misses an uraken attempt and both he and Alexander go over the top. Amano and Hikari banter with Otsuka who stays at ringside. Amano works on Hikari's arm with a number of cross armbreaker variations. The partners at ringside liberally interfere causing a few near over the top rope eliminations. Amano kicks out of a tiger driver for a near fall and Hikari rope saves out of a cross armbreaker. Finish comes with Hikari reversing a reverse roll up to score the pin.

Finals :

Dynamite Kansai/Mohammed Yone/Maya Hashimoto v. Alexander Otsuka/Hikari Fukaoka/Azumi Hyuga : this starts with Alexander teasing Kansai about something, probably about her chest which has Kansai teasing that she's going to open her top and flash him or something. Maya starts out of Azumi and gets in some offense. Including a series of russian leg sweeps before tagging in Dynamite. Dynamite hits a suplex and the scorpion deathlock. Alexander makes the save with some headbutts. He tags in and Dynamite pulls down the singlet off his chest. As he covers up, she kicks him. You can tell everyone's having a good time as Dynamite cracks a smile as she whips Alexander into the ropes. Yone tags in and Alexander tries to call a time out so he can pull up his top, but Yone will have none of it. Otsuka works over Yone's arm. They do the triple team move into the boston crab/double wakigatame on Yone. Otsuka busts out the tope suicida on Yone. Hikari runs in and knocks the women off the apron. She hits a moonsault off the post to the floor on all three of the opposing team and in the process eliminates herself. Maya works over Azumi with a top rope ipponzei and a diving elbow drop for two. Azumi its a german for two but Dynamite saves as Hikari does something to Yone to stop him from running in. Hashimoto gets eliminated following a top rope drop kick by Azumi. Yone gets one in the gnads from Azumi. Otsuka moves in for the kill, but Dynamite runs

him off by threaten to open her top again. The battle of the Love Warriors goes on as Yone gets the advantage on Alexander. Kansai and Yone hit sandwich larait on Alexander. Yone hits the stretch bomb for two. Yone telegraphs a lariat attempt and runs into an uranage for two. Alexander hits an evil german suplex for two. Alexander holds up Yone and Azumi drop kicks him in the butt to send Yone out. As Alexander gloats, Dynamite runs in and tosses him out leaving Dynamite and Azumi. Azumi knocks Dynamite out to the apron and then gets over anxious and almost eliminates herself. They tease Azumi going out, but when she ducks a Kansai high roundhouse kick, Kansai gets pulled out over the top and despite fighting real hard, gets sent to the floor. Otsuka, Hikari and Azumi win the tournament.

The show ends with the winners in towels at some sort of spa. Ishikawa crashes the party by joining them in at the spa.

Overall, it was goofy, but it was fun too.

~@~

%^%^%^%^%^ AJW TV - Aired 11/12/95 (PHIL THE RIPPER RIPPA!)

While the girlfriend is away, I can break out the women's wrestling. We start off with footage of Akira Hokuto and Kensuki Sasuki's wedding which makes me even happier that my girlfriend is not around.

Lioness Asuka vs. Kyoko Inoue: Remember the time that these two had that really good match. And remember the time when Asuka hung Inoue from the balcony. Well none of that is contained in this match. The match doesn't last very long after Inoue rolls out to the ring. Asuka manages to haul Inoue's fat ass up for the world's shortest powerbomb. Inoue wins with a roll up that comes out of nowhere. That was horribly disappointing.

Aja Kong vs. Takako Inoue: Aja's our wrestler of the week. Whoo-Hoo!!!! Two Birds! Two Birds! Two Birds! One Stone! It should be fairly obvious to everyone who is going over in this match. That fact takes away from the match as you know none of Inoue's offense is deadly enough to take out Aja so the only suspense left is whether or not Aja is going to make a little girl cry. Inoue gets some credit by immediately going after Aja's leg. ATTACKING A POINT OF BALANCE. YES! That will be pretty much the end of Inoue's contribution to this match. Aja dominates almost the entire match with the story being that Aja goes through about 65% of her MOVE SET without getting the win which is really frustrating for her because she feels that she should be able to win easier. Inoue does her spots and takes her beating like she should. Aja takes it easy until she crushes Inoue's orbital bone to finally end things.

Sakie Hasegawa/Kaoru Ito vs. Manami Toyota/Mariko Yoshida: Toyota and Yoshida hit the never-ending elbow drop to start of the match which is a nice touch. Nothing concrete takes place during the first half of the match as the girls aggravate me by randomly slapping on restholds. Oh, we're going to work on your leg. No wait, we're going to work on your back. No, no, we'll focus on your stomach. That last one happens because Ito loves the foot stomp. Her motto "When in doubt, crush some ribs." Of course, when one does the foot stomp off the ring apron, I will cut you some slack. Cool Moment - Despite being in the single leg Boston Crab,

Toyota talks some shit to Ito. Yoshida takes three suplexes straight on her head. Someone needs to teach her to stop over-rotating. Aah, the ignorance of youth. The second half picks up the match as all the big moves arrive. Yoshida hits a double jump plancha while Toyota hits a no-hand plancha that the camera almost misses. Hasegawa tries to get her team back in it with a wicked powerbomb but it is too late as Toyota and Yoshida have already kicked into another gear. Toyota shows everyone how to do a moonsault by rotating over in about two-tenths of a second. She tries another but gets greeted with a set of knees. Hasegawa goes to the top herself, gets caught and gets rolled up by Toyota. The second half was enjoyable but it was lacking in a couple of areas. The number one thing was that the match was completely heatless. Oh well, can't save them all, Hasseloff.

Akira Hokuto/Mima Shimoda vs. Bull Nakano/Tomoko Watanabe: This bad boy is two out of three falls for the WWWA World Tag Titles. On a personal note, I forgot how freakin' HOT Akira Hokuto is. Okay, sorry. Hokuto comes out wearing both titles around her waist which Shimoda doesn't mind at all. I guess she is just happy to be there. She is taking it one day at a time and trying to make a contribution to the team. Blink and you miss the first fall. I will give you a play by play. Bell rings. Nakano chokes Hokuto. Watanabe hits the Backdrop Driver on Shimoda for the pin. Sneeze and you miss the second fall. Shimoda rallies and hits a top rope Tiger Suplex to take the second fall about 30 seconds after the first fall ended. Watanabe does these neat follow-through armdrags that I am sure she stole from someone. Nakano dominates Shimoda for awhile while Hokuto gets antsy on the sidelines. Eventually, everyone gets involved which leads to the requisite high spots as Shimoda does a stutter step tope and Hokuto trumps her with a tope con hilo. Back in the ring and Hokuto uses a horrible victory roll take down on Nakano to set up an armbar submission for the win.

Post match interview sees Hokuto bitch about how Aja ate all of the wedding cake.

~~~

~~~~~ Pennsylvania Championship Wrestling TV 5/16/98. (PHIL SCHNEIDER)  
I gets the tomato can this week. PCW is one of the better Indies on the East Coast. This was an episode of their TV show, while the production was weak and the commentary was passable at best, there was some fun little wrestling matches on this show

Julio Sanchez v. Christian Cage: Julio has a big rep on the Indy scene, but he has never really impressed me much. This is one of his better matches, as he takes on Sports Entertainer Christian. The match it self was pretty good with some nice BACK AND FORTH ACTION!, and Christian doing a nice job on selling the arm. Move highlight was the rolling vertical suplexes into a facebuster by the erstwhile member of the even Newer Brood. The ending was kind of screwy and schoolboy-intensive, but it gets the full Jakked point.

Dirty Don Montoya / Peligro v. Mike Quakenbush / Inferno Kid:

Mike Quakenbush is a fun little wrestler, he has watched tons of Michinoku Pro six-man matches, and fearlessly steals from them. He did a bunch of neat spots in this tag match including the slide through into a boston crab, a tope which was AAA'ed by the camera crew, a

multiple shotay spot and a Psicosis springboard into a top rope rana. Don Montoya sold the flying stuff well and bumped good for such a chunkster, Inferno Kid stayed out of the way and Peligro was quite the suplex machine- including a swank captured arm fishermans suplex. Mike gets the clean win with a double jump twisting senton which was all elaborate and In-a-good-way-goofy. Hundred Thousand Stars

Sexton Hardcastle v. 2 Cold Scorpio: Sexton Hardcastle is Sports Entertainer / Action Adventure Star Edge while 2 Cold Scorpio is well known to us all and is seconded by a superfluous Terri Runnels. This match was darn good as they spent most of it on the mat, doing some reasonable tricked out mat work for an Indy match. My favorite part, was Scorpio slapping on a crevat, like Tony St. Clair or somebody. Not much flying although Scorpio hits his beautiful moonsault. The ending was crappy and chair intensive and took away from the goodness of the match. PCW has the horses to challenge APW as the best Indy in the U.S. (Now that OMEGA is basically defunct) but they need to cut their screwjob intensive booking out.

##### TORYUMON- Dragon Caravan pt. 2!- JULY 1999 (DEAN RASMUSSEN)- Hey, I stole this matchlist from the WILDLY fabulous review by SCOOPSBOY Steve- King Of Men~!-so I could review this show- which arrived on the eleventh hour from the Amazing GLENN~! (who actually has a Richmond, VA Posse on the Public Access Show- WRESTLING POWER '99. ORDER A SUPER GLENN~! POSSE T-SHIRT TODAY!) and I could not concentrate on ANYTHING when I saw the name CHOCOBALL KOBE. I wept.

Masaaki Mochizuki / Gran Naniwa vs. Gran Hamada / Yasushi Kanda: I was geared up to take a couple a cheap swings at the Orihara Of His Generation- El Gran Naniwa- but other than a few no-selling sequences with Gran Hamada- he was perfectly fine (if quite a bit Michinoku Pro 1998 Boring As Dirt). He hit a nice Enzuigiri and stuff. Kanda gets beaten into paste and it's kinda cool when Mochizuki is beating the hell out of him. Kanda gets his shots in at the end and- as with anyone who Ultimo has taught a headlock to- shows big signs of promise. this match runs WAAAAAY long. The point is that they are beating the hell out Kanda and that get that point in after about two minutes. Then it kinda keeps goin....

Genki Horiguchi vs. Yasushi Kanda: HEY! It's Genki Horiguchi. He's on my personal losing streak of ONE after sucking ass in that IRWG tape from last week (Adam, your tape will be here any moment. REALLY!) So here ya go- TORYUMON Phase TWO! Who's gonna Rule? AND Who's gonna be the New Millenium Hanzo Nakajima? LET'S FIND OUT NOW! Well, Genki Horiguchi has developed a suitably goofy Surfer Gimmick- as he wears a bodyglove, sports a dual-fin wave tool and unfortunately comes out to the obvious "Surfing USA" by the Beach Boys. I think to myself what Madder Phatter Props I would have offered up if our man Genki would have come out to "In My Room" or something off of PET SOUNDS. Hell, think of how hip he would have looked if he had made an entrance to the crappy lyrics of Van Dyke Parks while sauntering in to something off the lost SMILEY SMILE Brian Wilson epic. Either way, this match was really good for a couple a greenhorns. Genki busts out his GENKIBREAKER which is a preposterously elaborate variation of the Reverse Gory Bomb- which is actually an already

preposterously elaborate move when you think about it. Kanda needs to work on his elbow drops because his are SO on the direct opposite of the spectrum of Stan Hansen's AWA Elbow Drop Scale, but he is already the good little worker while Genki is also a good little worker who shows flashes of a 1993 Super Delfin Goofball-To-Overness characteristic- as he parties and freaks out in conjunction with his Tripendicular gimmick catching a wave on the ludicrously prone Kanda. The match itself quite a bit like Hidaka vs Fujita in that you could tell they worked with each other extensively while training and can take a rookie match to a higher level of moves, so this was good.

Chocoball KOBE vs. SAITO: Chocoball is a mixed blessing. He is AMAZINGLY seedy looking- which will get you a LONG way here in the Japan Indie Sleazeworld-Loving DEN OF THE DEATH VALLEY PLAYBOYS. The problem is that with a name as amazing as CHOCOBALL KOBE, you have GOT to have a horrendously crappy mask for a little while at least. Instead you get this green rookie with a snake tattoo. The match is crappy other than the fact that Judo SUWAI sneaks in and Falcon Arrows Saito through a table off the apron and then blades Saito with the care and loving of Wally Yamaguchi at DreamSlam One. SUWAI is fucking great and storming up the charts as the psycho Fratboy from hell Persona that rocks ever so righteously. Saito is usually fun, but here he is quite the victim. Ah, Chocoball. What shall we do with you....

MAKOTO vs. Susumu Mochizuki: WAIT! WAIT ! WAIT a minute! How did MAKOTA exist this long without me having his every match on tape. (While stealing ideas from Steve's review, he mentioned that MAKOTO was from Yume Factory and wrestled in THE VISUAL GROUP. Holy SHIT! THE VISUAL GROUP! HEY! YOU! Go start a pop band RIGHT NOW! You have a NAME!) Anyway, MAKOTO is quite the flashy little Vampire guy as he hits midgrade in-ring highspots and gets to biting folks- a sort of Blitzkreig Morbius the living Vampire- without the Tope Con Hilo, though he did hit a swanky toprope reverse Rana. The great thing is that MAKOTO looks like the bass player for Krokus or something- with the perm, the tight pants, the goofy make-up and pudgy face. I was STOKED. The match is never actually good, but the ending was kinda neat as Mochizuki hits a coupla Kanyon 1998 Facebusters and then MAKOTO hits a truly super grade Brainbuster that was all kinds of nasty and- HELL!- there is Mochizuki- DEAD!.

Shiima Nobunaga / TARU / Sumo Fuji vs. Magnum Tokyo / TAKA Michinoku / Ken Arai: TORYUMON is starting to get to the Michinoku Pro 1997/ EMLL 1996-1999 level of greatness with these mainevent six and eightman matches- in that most of these matches are pretty inchangeable movewise, but there is enough of a cool story to each match to keep them from becoming repetitive- thus the basic amazingly State-Of-The Art greatness of the matches themselves just deliver the goods at length. The two tres cool stories in this is that SHIIMA and TAKA hate each other's stinking guts and want to kill each other. The other story is that if Magnum Tokyo and Taru work REALLY REALLLY stiff, it will be REALLY REALLY fucking good. Taru is quite the least of all these guys- including Ken Arai, because Taru has one cool finisher and beats it into the ground when he finally gets the pin. The structure of the match was pretty cool with SHIIMA and TAKA killing each other for a while and then CRAZY MAX just fulking MAULS Ken Arai- including the ugliest triple dropkick to the face in the corner on record. My

other fave part is where Sumo Fuji has KEN~! in a nerve pinch and SHIIMA stands in front of him making faces and wringing an imaginary towel. WHAT A DICK! WOO-HOO! Arai makes a comeback and hits his truly coolish No-Look Toprope Headbutt and is all young and fired up and stuff. The beginning of the finish is touched on early as Taru and Magnum beat the holy bejeebers out of each other- with Magnum hitting a Diasuke Ikeda-level Lariat at one point. This moves into the superlengthy section of TAKA and SHIIMA fucking each other up with all kinds of sundry necky breaky moves. TAKA goes for Springboard Moonsault but sidelined-but-still-active SUWAI shakes the ropes and TAKA DIES LIKE A MAN. It then goes into the really great Finishers sequence where everybody hits a big finisher and the one making the save hits a big finisher on the last guy to hit a finisher. Taru and Magnum are finally isolated enough for Taru to get his ninetieth chokeslam powerbomb and/or Falcon Arrow for the win. Postmatch, SHIIMA calls everybody in Michinoku Pro a big batch of pussies and then asks Ken Arai if he's the same Ken from all those Gamera movies- the little bastard.

Overall, this was all good or at least neat. It's not the greatest TORYUMON tape around but the Main Event was all kindsa good. I await TAKA vs SHIIMA with eyes open and mouth agape.

~&~

##### THAT SEXY MOTHERFUCKER THAT TALKS ABOUT SHOOTFIGHTING~ YOUR MIKE NAIMARK#####

Who is the man that would risk his neck for his brother man? MIKE! Lock up your sisters, fight fans! The ONLY MMA reviewer with the official Death Valley Driver Playboyz~! approval is back once again with one big boot to the ass of the fighting world! Tanned, rested, and ready after a balmy weekend at the Playboyz~! Mansion (where the drinks are cold, rude jokes are told, and all the girls are at least 18 years old, so you'll find no 'Lawler for Mayor' signs on the property), Mike The Mack was ready to return with another whipsastic review of all that is brutal and beautiful in the mixed martial arts.

And then it occurred to me - after exhaustive research into the 'fights you gotta see' for the historic DVDVR#100, I ran across a surplus of "Fights that ain't quite at that level but have really hot Latina ring girls in thongs so skimpy I can see the man in the canoe and he's paddling left-handed", and I needed an excuse to watch 'em again without raising the ire of my Mrs Mike the Mack. "But honey, its for the Playboyz~! video review! Now put on something skimpy and peel me another grape!" Such is the pampered lifestyle we so richly deserve.

But enough about my luxurious standard of living! Without further ado, lets jump right in to a bevy of bodacious butt-beatins' that even Paul Varelans could enjoy!

World Vale Tudo Championships (WVC) 1 - "Brazil v The World" (8/4/96)

Tough night for 'The World', but the sun always shines in Brazil (or maybe that was Iceland?). Boxing fans call 'em "tomato cans", wrestling fans call 'em "jobrones", Hulk Hogan calls 'em "really tough guys unlike me", but a turd by any other name smells just as putrid. Oh sure, the Brazilians got to bring real fighters, but 'The World' must've stayed home to watch the



newly-launched Cartoon Network. But you'll see some familiar names here on both side of the fence, some kicking ass and others removing bits of shoe leather from their cellulite-pocked buttocks. A brief moment of drooling appreciation for the raven-haired foxy mama at ringside, and we're ready to go. Singles matches followed by a tournament and not one but \*two\* 'Superfights'! Smell the excitement! I think its excitement....

Carlos Danilo v Hiroshi Oyaizu - Hiroshi shoots, he scores! He's going to the land of the closed guard; next thing he knows, he's going to the land of facial reconstruction, as Danilo cinches on a triangle choke from his back and peppers Oyaizu's face with short strikes before the inevitable tapout. Total time, one minute. My egg is ready!

Eugenio Tadeu v Nigel Scantelbury - Hey, its Eugenio, who you'll remember for his riotous performance against Renzo Gracie in Brazil which was reviewed in issue #100. Nigel Dingadairy made his first MMA splash in the defunct Extreme Fighting Championships, where he had a nicely competitive match with Jason Canals that went to a time-limit draw. Nigel has height, Tadeau has weight, but these are both smaller men. Some brief flurries are exchanged standing, with Eugenio using his usual hyperactive head-and-hands feints before grabbing the waistlock and dragging things to the ground. After some jockeying for position, Tadeau sidemounts, lands a few strikes, and locks out the arm for the tap. Total time, around 2 minutes.

Hugo Duarte v Harold Howard - Hey lookie here! Its Harold Howard, who can claim for the rest of his life that Royce Gracie was so afraid of him that he withdrew from UFC3 rather than face this Canadian karateka! Of course, his first-round fight with a guy named Kimo probably had more to do with Royce's withdrawal, but don't burst Harold's bubble quite yet! He's actually something of an amusing MMA buffoon, with his first UFC video showing him beating the sand out of a punching pad before launching into a Tank Abbott-esque tough guy interview just before losing to Steve Jennum, giving Howard the dubious distinction of being the guy who lost in the finals against the worst UFC tournament champion ever. Howard returned at UFC7 with a new look and fresh excuses, prior to getting his ass kicked again by a little speck of a dude named Mark Hall, who beat Howard so badly he forgot how to tap out. Before you can say, "Yo Bum Rush the Show", Hugo has Howard on the ground and is beating him like he stole his suntan lotion. 30

freakin seconds is all that Howard can manage against Homeboy Hugo, as the announcer pimp, "Well he put up a good fight for 30 seconds". I wish I used that line with my first girlfriend. Has Harold fought since then?

Tournament time! Lets check in with a mix of Japan Vale Tudo rejects and International Fighting Championship rejects! What the hell happened to all the Brazilians?

Fred Floyd v Dennis Crowell - Fat Fred Floyd has earned a place in DVD history for his hilarious whipping of WCW undercarder and First Family member Jerry Flynn at the World Combat Championships. 340lbs of jiggling flesh, Floyd rushes his opponent with all the fury of a hippo in heat, slapping and wacking with both hands like Crowell's ass was on fire and he was

trying to help. Crowell offers a few feeble strikes in response, but the law of inertia says that a fat hyperactive load cannot be slowed by a talentless wuss in short pants with a bad haircut! You could look it up! Floyd finally beats Crowell to the ground forcing a ref stoppage, but I remained mesmerized by his gently rocking bulk; its like watching the ocean, strangely calming.

Micheal Paholic v Denilson Maia - Oh, here's a Brazilian. Maia represents Capoeira, that nifty Lambada-esque dance-fu style that is as fun to watch as 'The Big Wiggle', as they'll even let the camera show it on TV. No truth to the rumor that Michael has a brother named Al Paholic. But call the local bar and ask for him anyways. Tell 'em Bart sent ya. Oh yeah, the fight. Some tepid feeling out early until the fight take to the ground, where both guys seem clumsy and unskilled. Paholic manages the better strikes on the ground, and soon mounts and flurries. Maia takes some punishment like a pro, but can't solve his dilemma before his corner throws in the big hankie. About 4 mins of utterly average fighting.

Richard Heard v Scott Groff - Hey, its big dumb Richard Heard from IFC in Russia! And some guy I never heard of! Big dummy overwhelms his smaller foe and actually gets his clumsy, bloated, water-retaining ass in the mounted position where he rains down cumbersome strikes until Groff taps in about a minute. Yeesh.

Fred Floyd v Micheal Paholic - Doesn't happen, as Paholic withdraws with a hand injury. Gee, what a pity.

David Hood v Richard Heard - Hey waita sec, who the hell did David Hood fight? What a gyp! Who the hell traded me this tape? David 'Clitoral' Hood appeared in a dark match for UFC7, and when thats your career highlight, its time to consider a career in porn. Hey it ain't so bad! 'Cept for all the chaffing. But enough about me! Anyways, we're continuing a proud tradition of lousy fights on this tape, with some early clubbing which leads to Heard locking in the absolute ugliest ankle lock every recorded on video. He looked like he was trying to practice some fetishist form of reflexology or something. Boy, can't ya just smelllllll the anticipation for.....

Tournament Finals - Richard Heard (of cows) v Fred 'Boobs' Floyd - Absolutely atrocious display of zero skill here, as the two lummoxes flail away so badly that it makes one yearn for Abbott v Ferrozo at UFC11. No really! Floyd's gelatinous ass hits the mat with Lurch right on top of him flailing away until Fat Freddy flips on to his heaving gut and blissfully accepts the choke. Possibly the lamest tournament finals ever! Feel the historic value!

But hey, you know they'll redeem the card with the SUPERFIGHTS, right? Right?

Superfight #1 - Oleg Taktaov v Joe Charles - Wow, 'Ghetto Man' Charles! All the great jobbers of MMA are out in force tonight! Too bad Jon Hess's rickshaw was stuck in traffic! Joe Charles, as astute DVDVR reader may remember, earned my respect for doing his UFC5 interview in a full turban and flowing robes, while juggling a cannon ball and claiming, "I was raised on the streets". I'M NOT MAKING THIS UP! Oleg, of course, was UFC6 champion after his brilliant

match with Tank Abbott , a match which narrowly missed making the DVDVR100 'Fights Ya Gotta See' list and probably deserved to make the cut. Fight goes to the ground quickly, where Oleg immediately asserts his superior skill; in fact, this fight looks suspiciously similar to Charles' match with Vitor Belfort in Japan, a match where no punches were thrown and which is almost universally viewed as being 'fixed'. Oleg works calmly on the ground, at one point having Charles on his back while he was on his feet, moving headfirst into kicking range. Charles was too dumb to take advantage, but some time later a young man named Renzo Gracie wouldn't be so ignorant. Oleg finally closes distance and uses his unparalleled sambo skills to twist Charles' chubby ankles ten ways to Sunday before settling in with a pedestrian heel hook for the tap out. Soop-soop-sooperfight!

Superfight #2 - Marco Ruas v Steve Jennum - Your purported main event, featuring one of the most respected all-around fighters in the world against some donut-sucking traffic cop who fluked into a UFC title. You decide who is who. Ruas throws one of his famous Muay-Thai whip kicks, then takes Jennum to the mat, mounts him, and smacks the living shit out of the poor piggy. The crowd chants 'Rodney King' as Ruas rains down a series of tooth-jarring punches, stopping only to wink at the foxy mamas at ringside with his handsome Brazilian visage! Ruas is notorious for lying about his age, claiming to be up to 7 years younger than he really is. By the time you read that sentence, the fight was over. Steve Jennum, you suck! Begone from MMA, and take Harold Howard with ya!

Well didn't that just suck! One of the lamest events in memory, featuring some good fighters but never two fighters against each other. Interesting to note that some of these men (Taktarov, Charles, Duarte) also appeared in the World Fighting Federation PPV, which had a similarly dismal string of mismatches.

Next week I'll try and wash that nasty taste from your mouths, fight fans, as I trace the Legend of the Gracies, with plenty of fightin' fun from Brazil's First Family of Fighting, plus an in-depth analysis of Rickson Gracie's wife's shapely legs! It don't get much better than that, and if it does, don't burst my bubble!

\$\$%\$%\$%\$%\$ SINGLES GETTING LUCKY! #\$\$\$#\$\$\$#\$\$\$

Errata - Due to a minor error, issue #100's list of 'Fights Ya Gotta See' was short one fight. Here it is, for your perusal:

Vitor Belfort v Randy Couture (UFC15 10/17/97) The Background - Vitor Belfort entered the UFC as an unknown from the Carson Gracie Jr camp. Representing the style of Gracie Jiu-Jitsu, Belfort made his MMA debut in Hawaii, facing Death Valley Driver favorite Jon Hess in a brutally violent Goldberg-style squash that left the blubbery Hess spitting out teeth like sour Chiclets. Since Hess is a talentless blob of cellulite who even gets mocked by Paul Varelans, nobody knew what to expect from Belfort when he entered the UFC. As a disciple of the Gracie school, everybody expected grappling brilliance and technical excellence, so when Belfort made his

UFC debut at UFC12, nobody was more shocked than his first opponent, Lion's Den fighter Tra Telligman, when Belfort almost immediately launched a barrage of straight punches with a degree of speed, accuracy, and hellish power never before seen in the UFC. Telligman absorbed more than a dozen unanswered blows before the referee stopped the match, and Belfort was just getting warmed up. Next up was Scott 'Bozo' Ferrozo, best known for beating Tank Abbott by decision at UFC11 in the best example of MMA clubbing' you'll see anywhere, and Ferrozo even has that chiseled physique of Dusty Rhodes to boot. Sure, its chiseled out of cottage cheese, but give the guy a break, ok? The 350lb Ferrozo is felled like a mighty redwood under Paul Bunyan's axe, as the 210lb Brazilian smothers him with vicious jackhammer punches, forcing the referee to stop the fight after only a minute. UFC13 saw the 'Superfight' between Vitor and 'The Human Concussion Machine' Tank Abbott, in what was billed as a matchup of the two most dangerous strikers in the UFC. What happened instead was an overwhelming mismatch as Belfort's speed and power utterly dismantled the double-tough Tank in around a minute. Belfort had become the Bill Goldberg of MMA, an explosive offensive fighter who delighted the crowds with his dynamic power. So WHO'S NEXT? Randy Coutre, a 6'1 235lb 3-time US National Greco-Roman wrestling champion made his debut in UFC13 by beating former 'WWF Superstar' Tony Halme (AKA Ludvig Borgia) and the Ahmed Johnstonesque Steven Graham to win the UFC13 Heavyweight title. Could a mere wrestler withstand the punches that felled 'The Tank'? And even if he could, can he avoid being outclassed on the ground by the jiu-jitsu master?

The Fight - Coutre's boxing stance looks stiff and unnatural, but who could expect anything more from an elite Greco-Roman practitioner? Belfort looks \*huge\* for this fight, easily bigger by 15lbs of muscle compared to his debut, with deltoids like grapefruits and a neck wider than his head. Vitor strolls to the center of the ring confidently, waiting for Coutre to extend himself and become a target for Vitor's rifle counterpunches. Coutre remains conservative, so Belfort decides to finish the fight in a hurry on his own. Belfort lunges forward, firing a barrage of straight left-right punches while advancing forward in a square stance. And here's where things get interesting. Because Randy Coutre hasn't just been sitting at home polishing his wrestling trophies and combing his scalp before this fight. He's been watching tape and working in a boxing ring, and you can tell this before he even throws a single punch. Vitor Belfort is a right-handed fighter who likes to throw straight punches from the shoulder while advancing with the opposite leg to close distance and add power. When he attempts to overwhelm Coutre with this flurry, as he has overwhelmed everyone else in his MMA career, Coutre drops some Boxing 101 science on him. When Belfort closes the distance and starts punching, Coutre circles towards Belfort's left hand, allowing him to deflect some of the snap from the powerful rights. More importantly, when confronted with this initial barrage, Coutre doesn't even try to fight back; instead, he circles, keeps his hands high, and makes no attempt to counterpunch. Belfort throws a dozen or so punches, and none of them find home. I'd wager this a first in Belfort's young career. Belfort steps back and regroups before launching another assault, this one with more forward momentum. Coutre retains his composure and continues his excellent basic boxing defense until Vitor is almost chest-to-chest with him, before grabbing the Brazilian and breaking out his Greco-Roman technique and attempting a hip throw into the fence. Vitor's

~\$~

@@@@@@@ i was blameless so why did you go? SINGLES GOING STEADY!

[illegible]

was the word "suicida" more appropriate since the ring is something like 5 feet off the ground and I was afraid Santo was going to burn up on re-entry). They both come back in where Santo misses a crossbody. Negro kicks him outside and starts to go for a plancha, but he decides against killing himself on foreign soil and slips off the ropes in what looks like a planned spot.

Santo comes in and tries for the camel clutch and we get the Death Struggle from Negro until Santo switches into the Romero Special that Negro rope-breaks out of. Negro charges, only to hit the floor after Santo side-steps him, and Santo hits a GIGANTIC plancha after waiting for the LAFD to set their nets up several stories down. Both guys head in and Negro drops Santo, but as he heads up top Santo meets him and hits an Electric Chair. Santo goes back to the camel clutch and Negro struggles mightily, but finally succumbs and surrenders his hair (TRT = roughly 20:00). The feud still has a ways to go on the pure hatred scale, but this match is about as mind-numbingly great as it gets for 1987.

Samurai TV : Strong Style- NJPW 2/14/99 - Super Juniors X : 2 out of 3 falls Shinjiro Ohtani/Koji Kanemoto/Tetsuhiro Takaiwa/Dr. Wagner Jr./Kendo Ka Shin v. Jushin Lyger/EI Samurai/Masao Orihara/The Great Sasuke/Masaaki Mochizuki: (REV RAY DUFFY!) There's problems at the start as Wagner and Kendo won't shake hands with their partners. Sasuke, who's reformed from his heel ways does a prayer when he's intro'ed and Ohtani shoves him because he's not putting up with any of that peaceful Buddhist crap in his ring. Koji's League of Penises determine who's starting for thier team by throwing Kendo and Wagner out. The former Sasuke-gumi do some triple teaming on Ohtani and put him in the surfer boy to which Sasuke does the Delfin pose. Of course, it's priceless when Sasuke snaps out of it and reacts like his other personality took over his body temporarily and he wonders what the hell he's doing on top of Ohtani. After getting a pounding, Ohtani makes the tag to Kanemoto who works on EI Samruai a little until ending up in Lygers corner and having Orihara come in. Kanemoto shrugs off Mochizuki's kicks (because he's not from New Japan and according to Koji that means he doesn't have to sell for you.) They do the "people's drop kick" spot with Kanemoto holding Mochizuki in the camel clutch and Ohtani running the ropes about 8 times before doing a drop kick, followed by Wagner running the ropes and doing the roll into the drop kick. Wagner gets in some shots on EI Samurai and offers the tag to Ohtani but pulls his hand away when he goes for it and tags Kendo. Sasuke falls victim to Ohtani's boot scrape routine. Lyger and Koji mix it up a bit Lyger gets the upperhand with some shotays but when he puts Koji up top, Wagner runs in from behind and puts him on his shoulders. Lyger gets springdrop kicked by Ohtani, MD-II'ed by Wagner and then moonsaulted by Kanemoto who then slaps on the kneebar on Lyger's bad leg for the tap out in the first fall. Koji's crew jump Lyger and keep him in the ring for the start of the next fall and work over his leg. Lyger tags out to Samurai who gets dragon screwed by Kendo and superplexed by Wagner, keeping the momentum on their side. Samurai escapes a Takaiwa DVB attempt with a reverse DDT but takes a flip bump after running into a lariat. He escapes a powerbomb with a DDT and hits the swinging reverse DDT and tags out to Lyger. We get all 10 men in the ring after a Lyger brainbuster on Takaiwa leading to the partners going to the floor. Orihara does a quebrada on Ohtani where he lands mostly legs on the railing. Lyger's partners save him from the endless powerbmb and Samurai ends up playing whipping boy to Wagner. Samurai escapes from Ohtani and Orihara and Mochizuki work him over. Orihara hits the spider german and Mochizuki hits a springboard drop kick followed by a german suplex for two which Kendo breaks up. Orihara, still hanging upside down from the spider german falls victim to Kanemoto running in and kicking him repeatedly while he can't defend himself. The ring fills up again after Ohtani reverses a Mochizuki dragon suplex with a german and hits a springboard drop kick. Ohtani argues a near fall giving Mochizuki time to recover and hit an ax kick and his run up the ropes enzugiri. Ohtani kicks out of a dragon

suplex at two. Ohtani ducks an enzugiri and hits the spiral bomb for the win. The cool part of this is that Lyger, Sasuke and Samurai had Takiawa, Wagner and Kendo all hung up in the corner, when they turned and saw that Ohtani had gotten control, the men hanging upside down pulled their legs out from behind and held them allowing Ohtani to score the win. Post match Kendo gets in a fight with Ohtani and as Koji and Takaiwa push him back, Doc hits the MD-II when no one is looking and they beat it from the ring.

I've liked the 10 man tags better when they go elimination style because it usually gives everyone a chance to show off. I did think the finish of the second fall was pretty cool.

WWF- DICK MURDOCK/ADRIAN ADONIS vs JACK AND JERRY BRISCO- MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: (DEAN RASMUSSEN!)- Talk about Old School. My childhood hero-worship of Dick Murdock is pretty well documented in this here running batch of posts so I won't bore you with more childhood sentimental waxings. Anyway, I was over at Tim Noel's house a while ago watching a bad PPV or taping the little Southern Champ Forum that we do or something or another and I was reading his copy of Meltzer's OBITUARIES and one of things that struck me about his obituary of Dick Murdock was that he said that in the biz Murdock was known to have thrown the best pulled punches in the business. Supposedly, he looked like he was potatoing a fella but he was actually barely touching him. When I got this tape from Jerry, I was SOOOOO stoked about this match and I was especially paying attention to my personal icon's punches- and yeah, they were pretty fucking great. The other thing about this match that is really outstanding is that Adrian Adonis is such a fucking great wrestler and fricking bumping FREAK. You gotta love that most people will remember Adonis- one of the greatest North American wrestlers of the last half century- as Adorable Adrian Adonis and his flower shop (THAT MCMAHON! WHAT A FUCKING GENIUS! NO WONDER I DON'T WATCH WWF!). here, he is in his element- a true ass-kicker and Old Style Heel- bumping like a freak and making everything look Ultrafine. Of course, the fact that they are wrestling the Briscoes make it that much cooler. This match brought back a flood of memories of a match structure that you never see in the US anymore. The first three quarters of the match is Murdock selling the leg and Adonis selling the leg. MEANWHILE, One can pretty much stick all modern tag matches in the US in the Face-In-Peril formula: the faces getting a little offense in, a face gets in trouble and there is a big heat segment leading to the hot tag where they go to the finish. OOOOOOLD SCHOOL is aLLLLLLL different. Here Murdock tells the whole story of the match with ONE leg lock by Jerry Brisco. The crowd is into Murdock selling because Murdock makes selling the irresistible focal point of the match. Murdock makes you hate him and then you want to see him stretched by Brisco so Murdock fills every second of the hold with varying facial expressions and subtle body movements that convey his struggle to escape. Each near-escape and re-application of the hold tightens Murdock's grip on the audience as they are focused on Murdock's struggle and Brisco's determination to break Murdock's spindly leg. It is an art unto itself- as there is no hot tag to work for- just a section of the match where Murdock shows the world HOW IT FUCKING FEELS and that fact keeps the ACTUAL wrestling audience in the match more than fifty Dangerous Backdrops or a thousand CHARISMATIC HOT PROMOS ever could. Murdock makes the tag and Adonis is in the same predicament- as Jack really stretches Adonis a new one, leaning into the kneejoint like a sadist. Adonis is far more broad in his selling and the psychology is perfect as the broadness of his selling and the big bumps Adonis takes to

~#~

AND YOUR WRESTLER OF THE WEEK IS..... AJA KONG!

dropkick to the floor. She then sets Aja up on a table, lays some slaps in, heads up top and puts Aja through the table with a splash. Yes, it's the 1994 Toyota Comeback! Goes from 0 to Annoying in less than 15 seconds! In-ring Toyota hits a moonsault for 2; Aja tries to come back



with the uraken but Toyota blocks it and hits the Japanese Ocean Suplex for 2. She goes for it again but Aja drops her into the corner. Toyota goes for the Toyota Roll again but Aja destroys her with a powerbomb and hits a second-rope splash for 2 counts. She heads up top again but Toyota catches her and hits a rolling prawn hold (tm 6MS) off the top for 2. She unthinkably starts to go for the JOC, then decides against it and tries for another moonsault, but Aja puts her feet up. Aja sets her up top but Toyota knocks her off and hits a missile dropkick for 2.999. Toyota goes back up top but Aja stops her; Toyota goes for another sunset-flip/powerbomb only for Aja to OBLITERATE her with a buttdrop off the top for 2. Toyota gets whipped to the ropes; she lands behind Aja, but Aja is ready and hits her with the uraken. Aja is too dazed to make the cover, but it's all academic as she picks Toyota up and hits a sort of brainbuster/Falcon Arrow mutation for the pin at around 17 minutes. All kidding aside, this is just an awesome match. Toyota apologists would get their day the following March...

Aja Kong / Bull Nakano v. Akira Hokuto / Shinobu Kandori - 3/27/94: (SCHNIEDER) The story of this match was built around the teaming of antagonists Hokuto and Kandori, and their interaction consisted of them slapping each other in the face to make tags (which is still one of the cooler Parjehas Incredibleas things ever). However what made me love this match so much, was the performance of Aja Kong. When Aja was in the ring was Kandori, she worked at an ungodly level of stiffness. Kandori is dubbed "the toughest man in women's puroresu" and Aja made it her personal mission to test that title. Aja kicked her right in her jaw while Kandori was sitting on the ground, and nearly jammed the point of her toe through Kandori's back. She also delivered some brutal looking punched to Kandori's face. Besides the interaction with Kandori, Aja also had some great series with Hokoto, as she proved how great she was at working with smaller wrestlers.

2/3 Falls WWWA Tag Titles: Jungle Jack (Aja/ Bison Kimura) vs. Manami Toyota/ Esther Moreno (Some time in 1990): (DEAN RASMUSSEN) This match is cool in a couple of ways: Manami Toyota is teaming with Esther Moreno from whom she copped a bunch of moves in the creation of her own lucha-filtered style and- respectfully to her mentor- Manami takes a back seat to the healthy highspot-addled young Esther- until the final caida where Aja and Manami take the forefront and hit the FREAKED-OUT "DIG THE NEW BREED" ending. Aja is still formative as she follows the lead of Bison on how to wrestle heel. The cool parts of this match involving Aja is that in the first caida, Aja basically wrestles Monster heel- beating on Manami, showing how strong she is, hitting lowgrade powermoves and I was beginning to wonder where the amazing wrestler that became Aja was. The second caida- after the double Moonsault Finish on Bison (who I thought used to be hot (hey! she was hot in all those Jd' intros) and who was never that great of a worker, it seems)- the future Aja emerges as she starts by stretching the living crud out of Manami with a half crab and they maul Manami's leg for a while- but the Aja thing is that out of this, Aja sets up all the highspots of the match as a reaction to the matwork- as an escape, as a transition to Manami's offense- a transition that is based on the highspots of Manami and Esther against the matwork and strength of Aja and Bison. It's pretty cool stuff and Aja knew how to use this premise early in her career and by the third Caida she is wrestling against type as she kills everyone in the building with a ringpost Plancha. By the end, the super high-End finisher by Aja shows the first glimpse of the true awesome force in Joshi Puroresu that Aja would become- as Aja hits the TOPROPE LIGER BOMB and Toyota takes it like a

QUEEN. Aja was showing even here- in her second year as a pro- that her grasp of wrestling psychology was fundamentally sound and she also shows that her ability to wrestle out of the boundaries of her size for the good of the match is proportional to her ability to face her own personal setbacks and social obstacles with boundless grace and courage. Aja fucking rules and we're lucky to be able to see her wrestle.

\*\*\*\*\*

NEXT WEEK: GAEA! OMEGA! SUWA vs SASUKE! LOTS OF OTHER SHIT!

[illegible]

## THE DEATH VALLEY PLAYBOYS.

## six fists in the face of wrestling

!

"Darling, I been your dog ever since I've Been your man"

-SON HOUSE